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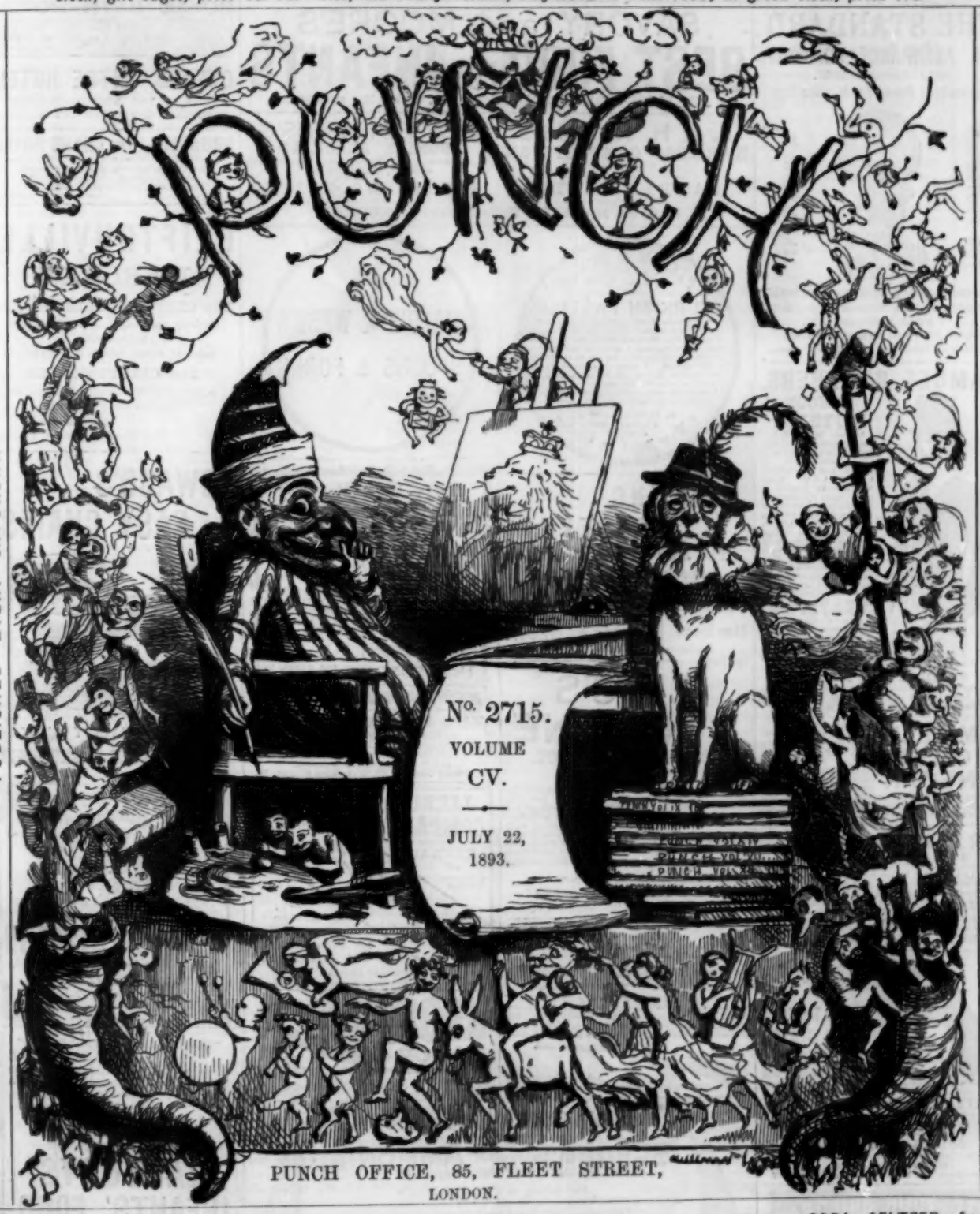


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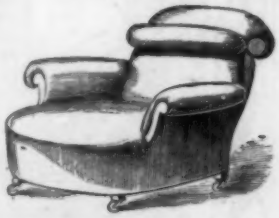

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## A LONDON PEST.

To an impartial observer the public, philanthropic, and municipal attempts to honour the memory of the great and good, if sometimes mistaken, Earl of SHAFTESBURY, appear to have been singularly unfortunate. The West-End Avenue that bears his name is more full of music-halls, theatres, pot-houses, and curious property, than any street of equal length and breadth in the whole Metropolis. Lord SHAFTESBURY may not have been a Puritan, but he was essentially a serious man, and his sympathies were more with Exeter Hall than with the Argyle Rooms; and yet, in the street which is honoured by his name, it has been found impossible to remove the old title of this historic place from the stone *facade* of the Trocadero.

The fountain at Piccadilly Circus, which has been unveiled as the second of the SHAFTESBURY memorials, is surmounted by—what? Some writers have called it a girl, some have called it a boy; many of the public, no doubt, regard it as a mythological bird, and it certainly looks like the Bolognese Mercury flying away with the wings of St. Michael. We are told, on authority, that it represents Eros, the Greek god of love, and his shaft is directed to a part of London that, more than any other part, at night, requires the bull's-eye and the besom of authority. The "Top of the Gaymarket" is in just as bad a condition as it was when *Punch* directed attention to it more than ten years ago, and the *virus* since then has extended as far eastward as St. Martin's Lane. Moll Flanders' Parade now begins at St. James's Church and ends with Cranbourne Street. It is unfortunate, to say the least of it, that Eros has been selected to point at this London Pestiduct, and the sooner it is thoroughly cleansed and the neighbourhood made worthy of the Shaftesbury Fountain, the better.

**AWFUL MOMENT!**

"CONY——! I'VE FORGOTTEN MY DRESS COAT!!"

DELENDA EST DRURILANA!—The Drury Lane Committee, headed by the dauntless JAMES O'DOWD, have decided upon approaching the Duke of BEDFORD with a protest against his Grace's present expressed intention of pulling down the Old Theatre within the next two years. Probably the result of this, the latest incident in the interesting annals of Old Drury, will simply be to make another addition to the well-known collection of "Rejected Addresses."

## OUR OPERA.

To hear sweet strains by GLÜCK or GOUNOD,
MASCAGNI, WAGNER, one must, you know,
Pass slums; at dark it
Is nice in Endell Street and Bow Street;
Still better in that fragrant nose treat—
"Mudsalad Market."

Inside, say, *Orpheus* sings in Hades
To gallant men and noble ladies—
Rank, wealth, and beauty;
Outside, Elysium is forgotten.
To clear away these slums, half rotten,
Is no one's duty.

Inside, MASCAGNI'S *Intermezzo*,
Though heard in many places, yet so
Delightful ever;
Outside, cab touts and paper sellers,
And other people's pert *Sam Weller's*,
Delightful never!

Inside, some day, the newest, *Falstaff*,
Will occupy a far from small staff
Of band and chorus:
Outside, as now, old slums ill-smelling,
And costermongers, shouting, yelling,
Will be before us.

Once someone started building greatly,
Walls rose, arranged to form quite stately
House, *foyers*, lobbies.
They stopped, extremely gaunt and lonely,
And, now the site is used, it's only
A haunt of bobbies.

So still Euterpe's home is hidden
In ill-paved slums, through which we've ridden
With jolts that jerk us.
How unlike Paris! Did we follow
Her taste, we should enshrine Apollo
At Regent Circus.

## JUST CAUSE.

I LOVE you for your splendid hair,
Your violet eyes, your swaying waist,
Whose curves exactly suit my taste;
Your radiant smile, your dimples rare.

I love you for your store of pelf,
Of course; but most of all, my sweet,
Because of this—whene'er we meet,
*You let me talk about myself!*

## ODE DE KNILL—AND CO.

*Making Something of Nothing!!*—Lord Mayor KNILL has been created a Baronet. Sheriffs WILKIN and RENALS, as being next to Nil, have been knighted.

"Nobodies" have been Baronets, but still
'Tis wondrous to create one out of *Nil!*
The Middlesex Artillery Volunteers
Will "make the *Wilkin* ring" with hearty cheers.
And for the last, he'll bear his honours meekly,
He's RENALS "going strong," not "*Renals Weakly.*"

(For the last, understand *Reynolds' Weekly.*)

GOOD EGG-SAMPLE!—One egg was sold the other day for £60 18*s.* *Vide Times* of Wednesday last. The egg was a perfect specimen of that *rara avis in terris*, the gigantic *Aepyornis Maximus* of Madagascar. What did Mr. STEVENS do with it? Did he have it made into several omelettes for a breakfast-party of a dozen? Of course it was a perfectly fresh egg, and the only thing at all high about it was the price.

FROM THE CAMP.—Just now Riflemen are Bis'ley engaged.

## A FALLEN ART.

[A "lady palmist" has been fined ten shillings and costs for fortune-telling.—*Daily News.*]

SHE lived, this prophetess, too late,
And plied an art that's out of date,
Another age had seen her gain
Her reputation not in vain,
Had seen a crowd respectful wait
Upon the arbiter of fate,
While kings and rulers brought her gold
To have futurity unrolled!

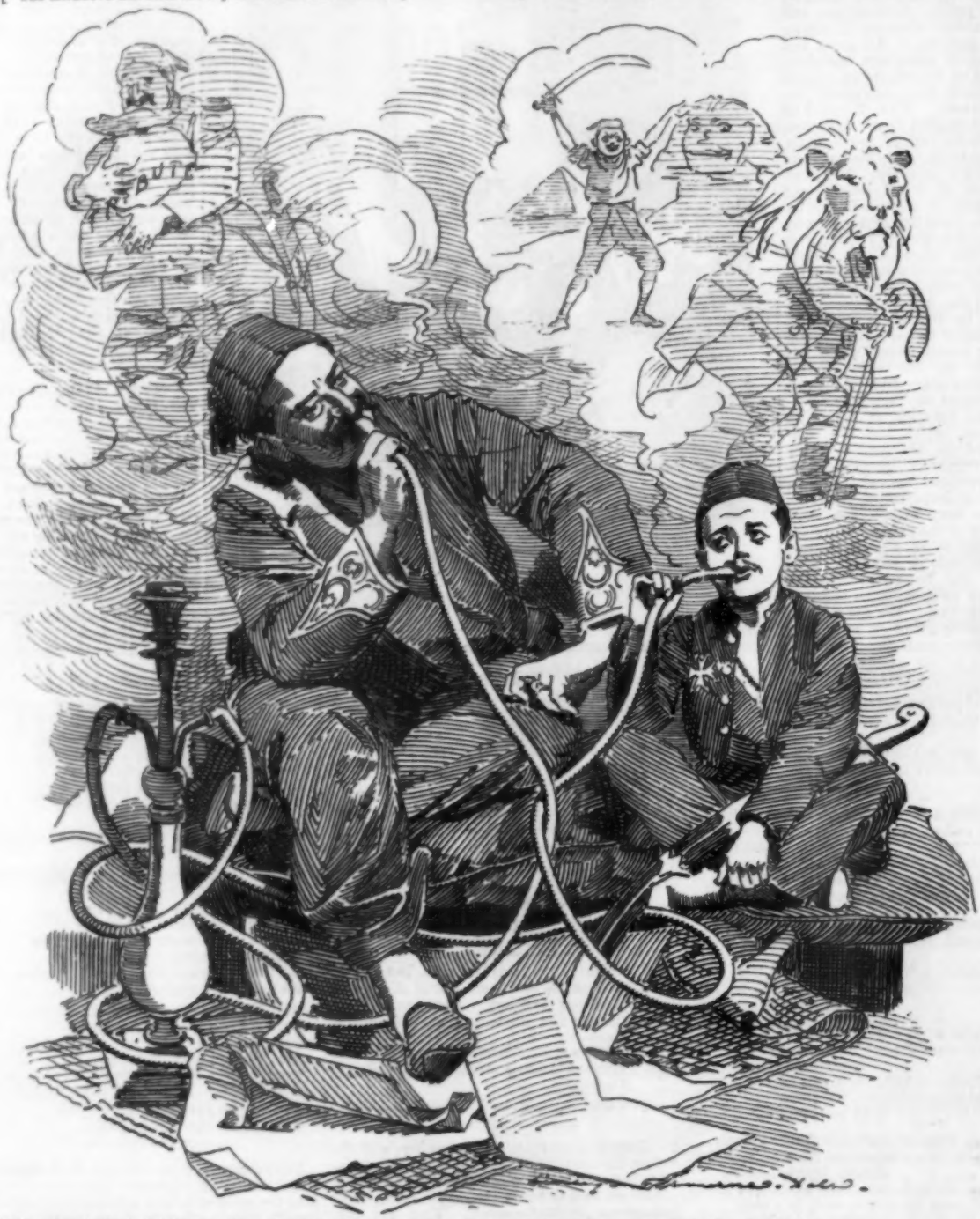
In some Greek court where fountains play,
Or dwelling by the Appian way,
The prophetess would surely be
Besought by each Leuconoë,
And if for these she sometimes drew
A future pleasanter than true,
At least she gave them, you'll confess,
Anticipated happiness!

Ah! times are changed, and nowadays
Such divination hardly pays;
There comes no more the crowds that used,
The fees are terribly reduced!
And if our policemen caught the Sphinx
Propounding "Missing Words," one thinks
Our British justice could not fail
To send her speedily to gaol!

IMPY AND GARRY.—Colonel SAUNDERSON, "speaking as an Irishman" (did anyone ever hear the gallant Colonel speak as an Englishman?), didn't object to being classed among his countrymen, whom Mr. BRODRICK had styled "impecunious and garrulous." He might have quoted the name of one of their own national airs as emphasizing, by descriptively abreviating, these two epithets, namely, "*Garryowen.*" "*Garry*" is clearly the short for "*garrulous*," and "*owen*" is the oldest form of "*not payin'.*"

## A "TURKISH OCCUPATION;" OR, VISIONS IN SMOKE.

["The KHEDIVE has been the object of numerous marks of personal friendship on the SULTAN's part."—*Times Correspondent at Constantinople.*]



*Sultan* (*amicably*). Welcome, dear ABBAS! Take a seat, and a pipe—take anything you have a mind to, and "make yourself at home," as the accursed Giaours say.

*Khedive* (*squatting*). Thanks, my dear—Suzerain! Yildiz Kiosk feels, indeed, very home-like. More than my own Cairo does—when CROMER's there. This Nichan-i-Imtiaz Order is really very becoming. Pity you and I, ABDUL, have to take "orders" from anybody west of Alexandria!

*Sultan* (*sotto voce*). And why *should* we?

*Khedive* (*sulkily*). Well, the sons of burnt fathers *have* got the upper hand of the Faithful, somehow—confound them!

*Sultan* (*reading*). "Intelligence received here of late, from trustworthy quarters in Egypt, indicates that the KHEDIVE's journey is to be made the point of departure for a *grande action diplomatique* against British influence in the Valley of the Nile." That's from the *Times*, my ABBAS!

*Khedive* (*moodily*). Humph! Wish the Egyptian quarters *were* "trustworthy." *Grande action diplomatique?* Quite makes one's mouth water!

*Sultan. Doesn't* it? The same infernal—but influential—news-sheet says: "The young KHEDIVE knows that not only would he meet with a personally kindly reception, but that the grievances he is known to be anxious to pour out would fall on ready ears." There, at least, the Giaour "rag" is right. Pour away, my ABBAS! "Keep your eye on your father—or Suzerain—and he will pull you through." [*Winks and whiffs.*

*Khedive* (*whiffing and winking*). Will he, though? And that Turkish Bodyguard?

*Sultan* (*warmly*). At your service at any moment, my dear ABBAS!

*Khedive* (*smoking furiously with closed eyes*). Ah! if they would only let me alone, let me rule my subjects in my own Oriental way—as you do yours in Armenia, for example—then, indeed, I could have a good time, and plenty of treasure.

*Sultan* (*significantly*). Out of which my little formal trifle of Tribute might come easily and *regularly*—eh, ABBAS?

*Khedive.* Quite so, Padishah! Bah! These brutal, blundering Britishers don't understand the Art of Government as adapted to Eastern Ideas.

*Sultan* (*soothingly*). Well, never mind, ABBAS. We'll lay our heads together, anon, now you *are* here, and—who knows? Meanwhile, let's enjoy ourselves. Something like a "Turkish Occupation" this—eh? And how do you like this Turkish tobacco?

*Khedive* (*blowing vigorously*). Smokes easily, and makes a big cloud. In which I fancy I can see myself driving the British Lion out of the Nile Valley at the point of the bayonet.

*Sultan* (*dreamily*). And I picture myself comfortably replenishing my Treasury with that Tribute! Like music, ABBAS?

*Khedive* (*uneasily*). Ye-e-e-s. Why!

*Sultan* (*promptly*). Then I'll tip you something soothing. [*Sings.*

I'll sing thee songs of Arabi,
And tales of far Cash ne-ar!
Strange yarns to move thee to a smile,
Or melt thee to a te-ar!
And dreams of delight shall hover bright,
And smoke-born vi-i-sions rise
Of artful "fake," which well may wake
Wild wonder in thine eyes.
I'll move thee to a smile
With dreams of far Cash ne-e-e-e-ar!
[*Left dreaming.*

**LACONIC.**

*Passenger.* "CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT ARE THE TIMES FOR THESE 'BUSSES TO LEAVE THE SWISS COTTAGE?"

*Driver.* "QUARTER AFTER—'ARF AFTER—QUARTER TO—AND *AT!*"

## A VISION OF ROYALTY.

(*Written after a surfeit of the Illustrated Papers.*)

YE Royalties of England, how beautiful ye are!
The special artists claim you, they track you from afar.
In uniforms and diamonds, with sceptre and with crown,
In many a picture-paper those artists set you down.

And thus the British public may gaze upon its Queen—
They make her small, but dignified, of most majestic mien.
She smiles—the artist marks her; she frowns—the artist quails,
And soothes himself by drawing H.R.H. the Prince of WALES.

He draws him at foundation stones, a trowel in his hand
(The point of silver trowels I ne'er could understand);
He draws him opening railways, or turning sods of grass,
And he draws him as a Colonel, in helmet and cuirasse.

We see him dressed for London, a-riding in the Row—
I wonder if he ever finds his London pleasures slow;
And we see him down at Sandringham, his country-home in Norfolk,
Where the Royal pair are much beloved, especially by poor folk.

And oft at public dinners, in Garter and in Star,
We see his Royal Highness enjoying his cigar.
I wish they wouldn't vary quite so much his Royal figure,
For they sometimes make him leaner, and sometimes make him bigger.

But, be that as it may, I feel that, while my life endures,
I know by heart my Prince's face, my future King's contours.
A stiff examination in the Prince of WALES I'd pass,
And in all his princely attitudes they'd give me a first-class.

The Duke of YORK, our Sailor Prince, I think I've got him pat;
I've never seen him face to face, but what's the odds of that?
In illustrated papers I have watched him every day
Since he went and popped the question to the pretty Princess MAY.

I've seen them plain or coloured in fifty different styles,
Just like a pair of turtle-doves, all bills and coos and smiles.
I never saw a turtle-dove that smiled upon its pet afore,
But he who writes of bridal pairs is bound to use the metaphor.

Oh, Princess MAY, oh, Princess MAY, in crayon or in oil you
Are loveable and beautiful, they can't avail to spoil you.
They did their worst, and did it well, those special-artist wretches,
To make you like a stolid block in all their special sketches.

So this, my meek petition, to those artists is addressed,
Give Royalties of every sort a little welcome rest.
I cannot bear my Royal ones—of loyalty I'm full—
To look like wax and sawdust, with limbs of cotton-wool.

And thus, when next you draw them (oh, may the time be long
To make them human beings will surely not be wrong.
And if you'll take a hint from me you'll earn a nation's thanks,
By drawing these prize princely ones a little less like blanks.

LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.—*Sala's Journal*, full of interesting and entertaining matter, has lately been giving very sensible advice as to Palmistry, which is again in vogue. The Palmists appear to be doing so uncommonly well just now, that this year will be memorable, for *them* at least, as "the Palmy days" of chiromancy.

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS "SCHPOGEN."

*Herr Dumpling (a "Deacher of Englisch" who has made the most of his holiday during the Royal Marriage week).* "ZERTAINLY, I HAF ZEEN ZE VEDDING-BROZESS, ZE GWEEN, AND ZE GLIDDERING COACHES, AND ZE NAIDIVE DROOPS; AND IN ZE EVENING NEFFER HAF I ZEEN SO PEUDIFUL GAS-WORKS! BOT, ACH HIMMEL, HOW VAS I OFERGROWDED!"

## SEEING THE ROYAL WEDDING PRESENTS.

*(A Sketch at the Imperial Institute.)*

SCENE—*The North Gallery on a Saturday afternoon, with the thermometer at considerably over 80° in the shade. The presents are arranged behind a long barrier, in front of which the Spectators form a double "queue," the outer rank facing in the opposite direction to the inner line, and both moving at an average rate of one foot every five minutes.*

*The Attendants (spasmodically).* Pass along there, please. Keep moving!

[*The crowd close to the barrier either cannot or will not pay the slightest attention to these injunctions, and remain placidly gazing at whatever happens to be in front of them; the people in the outside line, who can see just enough to tantalise them, begin to exhibit signs of impatience.*

*A Sour-looking Spinster.* Well, I'm sure! They *might* remember there's others that would like to have a look besides themselves! Some of them seem to have made up their minds to spend the whole *day* here! (*With a withering glance at a stout lady in the inner rank.*) How anyone can call herself a lady and spend fifteen minutes downright gloating at nothing but cigarette cases—well, I should be sorry to be so disobliging *myself!*

[*The stout lady, who has exhausted the cigarette cases long ago, but can't move on until those in front of her have thoroughly inspected the jewels, fans herself with a pocket-handkerchief, and pretends not to have heard.*

*A Cheery Old Lady (to her Grand-daughter).* Well, they *do* make you wait, there's no denying—but we shall see everythink some time or other. 'Ot, MINNIE? Yes, it *is* 'ot, and they're pushing in front as well as beyind, now; but lor, my dear, we must put up with sech things when we come out like this. And you can ketch a glimpse in and between like, as it is. I can see the top of a Grandfather's Clock. It won't take us 'alf an hour now, at the rate we're going, to git round the turn, and then we shall be next the barrier, and 'ave a little more room. There, they're beginning to move a bit. (*The line advances about a yard.*) Now we're getting along *beautiful!*

*A Purple-faced Old Gentleman (in a perspiration).* It's scandalous! These people inside aren't *attempting* to move along. (*To the inner rank.*) Will you kindly pass on, and give others a chance? *Do* pass along there! (*The people in the inner row maintain a bland unconsciousness, which is too much for his feelings.*) D—n it! why can't you pass along when you're asked to?

*The Usual Comic Cockney.* It's no good torkin' perlitely to 'em, guv'nor; you touch some on 'em up with your umberella. Why, there's two old ladies aside o' me that 'ave gone and 'ipnotised theirselves starin' at silver kendlesticks!

*A Plaintive Female (to a smart young constable).* Oh, Mr. Policeman, *do* make 'em 'urry up there!

[*The constable prudently declines to attempt the impossible, and merely smiles with pitying superiority.*

*Mrs. Lavender Salt (who has insisted on her husband escorting her).* LAVENDER, what a frightful crush! I don't believe we've moved for the last twenty minutes, and I'm nearly dead with the heat!

*Mr. L. S. (with irritating common sense).* Well, MIMOSA, you don't suppose *I'm* enjoying myself? After all, if you don't like the crush, the remedy's simple. You've only to step out of it into the grounds, you know—there is some air *there!*

*Mrs. L. S.* What? and give up our places after going through so much? No, LAVENDER, it would be too absurd to have to go away without seeing the Royal Presents after all!

*Mr. L. S.* But *is* it worth all this pushing and squeezing? Why, you can see much the same sort of thing any day in perfect comfort by simply walking down Bond Street!

*Mrs. L. S.* You wouldn't say so if you had the least scrap of imagination! It isn't the things themselves one comes to see—it's the sentiment *attached* to them!

*Mr. L. S.* Oh, is *that* it? Well, I can make out the upper part of a weighing machine over your shoulder, but I can't say I discover any particular sentiment attached to *that.*

*Mrs. L. S. (impatiently).* Oh, if you choose to sneer at *everything*, of course you can, but it's looking at things like these that makes us the loyal nation we are, LAVENDER!

*Mr. L. S.* My dear MIMOSA, I give you my solemn word that if I remain opposite those Chippendale bookcases ten minutes longer I shall become a gibbering anarchist! Surely we can be loyal without such a painful resemblance to a box of dried figs.

[Mrs. L. S. *shudders at these revolutionary sentiments.*

*A New Comer (arriving with a friend, and craning curiously over the shoulders of the spectators in posse, to their intense indignation).* 'Ere they are, JOE. I can see a lot o' silver inkstands. We'll get a view if we shove in 'ere.

[*He attempts to edge through the double rank.*

*The Purple-faced Old Gentleman.* I protest against your pushing in here, Sir. We're hot enough already without that. It's monstrously unfair!

*The New Comer.* I s'pose I've got as much right to see the bloomin' Presents as what you 'ave?

*The P.-f. O. G.* You've no right to push in out of your turn, Sir. You must take your proper place down at the end of the *queue* and wait, like everybody else.

*The New Comer.* What, all the way down there, and 'ow long might I have to wait, now?

*The P.-f. O. G. (with tremendous dignity).* That I can't say, Sir. I can only tell you this—that I have been standing here myself for over three-quarters of an hour without advancing ten yards or seeing anything distinctly, and so have all these ladies and gentlemen.

*The New Comer.* Hor, hor, hor! D'jear that, JOE? Ten yards in three-quarters of an hour! What price snails, eh? Well, Sir, if that's *your* ideer of amusin' yourself on a warm afternoon, it ain't *mine*, so you'll excuse me and my friend 'ere joinin' your little percession. Don't lose 'art, Sir, keep on at it. You'll *git* there afore bedtime if you don't overexert yourselves. Take it easy now!

[*They pass on with ribald laughter, to the general relief. Eventually, after infinite delay and maddening exhortations to "keep moving," the outer queue succeed to the barrier and to the unpopularity enjoyed by their predecessors.*

ALONG THE BARRIER.

Now we shan't be *nearly* so squeeged, MINNIE! There's nothing partickler to look at just yet, except kerridges. . . . It's not the smallest use telling us to hurry, my good woman, because we can't move till those in front choose to go on. . . . Look at the 'arness, MINNIE—pretty 'arness, ain't it? with their crest on it and all! . . . Well, I call it shabby givin' 'em a kerridge without even so much as a old moke to dror it. I'd ha' done it 'ansome, or not at all. . . .

Lor, look at the dust on all the furniture—it *will* want cleanin' up! . . . That's a beautiful gong, MINNIE; see, that's the thing they 'it it with. . . . Ain't that a comfortable looking chair in red morocco? That'll be for the 'all porter to set in, I expect—there's a 'at in it. Lor no, my dear, it 'ud ha' been a better lookin' 'at than what that is, if it was one of the presents, depend on it! There's a weighin' machine. . . . Fancy goin' and givin' them a thing like that! Oh, I expect it's for them to weigh theirselves with. Ah, 'ere come the *Jewels* now. Now we *shall* see somethink! . . . I don't see *our* present yet, do you, 'ARRIET? There's old Uncle BILL's. See, that dimond and pearl necklace. Well, if they ain't gone and put it down as "Persented by six 'undred and fifty ladies of England!" And the old man savin up his screw for weeks for it—he *will* be 'urt when he 'ears of it! Some bloke's gone and given 'em a pillar-post box. I thought of sendin' the one at our corner, on'y it wouldn't come out easy; and what with the copper bein' on his beat—why, I decided I'd give 'em somethink else. . . . Walking-sticks? Why, he wouldn't want more if he was a—a centipede! . . . I wonder where they'll *put* all the things, I'm sure! 'Ullo, a pearl and dimond tiarer, made o' cardboard. I 'ope they thanked 'im nicely for *that!* Why, that's on'y a model, like. Well, and a very good model, too, what I call eckernomical. . . . Look at those *lovely* toast-racks! . . . LAVENDER, what a magnificent old mirror!—Elizabethan, I expect. I wonder who gave *that?* . . . Oh, me and 'ARRIET give 'er *that*, mum. . . . Oh, dear, I wish I was them, to have all these presents. . . . Why, my dear, it doesn't matter to *them*—they have everything lovely as it is! . . . 'ARRIET, when you and me git married, we'll 'ave a show of all *our* presents—not 'ere, there won't be no room. We'll take the Agricultural 'All, and have a catalogue and everythink. "Set of Elizabethian sheep's trotters, from the Hearl of ALAMODE," eh? "Pound of Queen Anne saveloys, from the Markis o' MILE-END." "Yard o' flypaper, from the Dook o' SHOREDITCH." "Packet of 'airpins persented by seven' underd lydies of Whitechapel." "Donkey-barrer an' kerridge-rug, from the residents in the Ole Kent Road." Etcetterer. . . . I do wish you wouldn't go on so foolish! Why, if someone hain't sent her a set o' straw soles to keep her shoes dry—what *next*, I wonder! . . . And a very sensible thing too . . . Well, my dear, I'm sure nothing can't be too good for her, and they've certainly been set up with every blessing a young couple can require—and may they live long to enjoy them!

[*And so says Mr. Punch.*

## A SLAVE TO COURTESY.

*He.* "DO YOU MIND STOPPIN' A BIT NOW. I GET RATHER GIDDY, DON'TCHERKNOW."

*She.* "BUT IF YOU GET GIDDY, WHY DO YOU COME TO DANCES?"

*He.* "WELL, I'M A BACHELOR AND THAT SORT OF THING, AND IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN SEE OF REPAYIN' HOSPITALITY."

### Parliamentary Declension.

*Nominative*—M.P. "named." *Genitive*—M.P. in possession of the House. *Dative*—Giving it hot to M.P. *Accusative*—Charge against M.P. *Vocative*—"O! O!" and (pro-vocative cries). *Ablative*—M.P. is removed in custody of Serjeant-at-Arms.

THE subject of conversation in the presence of Mrs. R. was the Darlington magistrates' decision in the palmistry case. "Yet," remarked our old friend, thoughtfully, "palmistry is very ancient, and practised professionally by most excellent and good people. Isn't DAVID always spoken of as 'The Palmist'?"

### THE SONG OF THE SHOPKEEPER.

WILL the Season be long?
Will the Season be short?
Parliament's going strong!
Plenty of stir at Court!
Cholera rumours abroad,
Summer weather at home,
Us a chance may afford;
I only hope it may come!
Royal Marriage over!
Money remarkably "tight"!
Landlords *may* live in clover,
Shopkeepers' pull seems slight.
Will some of our Oracles clever
Tell a poor chap what he axes?
For three things go on for ever,
And those are Rents, Rates, and Taxes!

### THE VOLUNTEERS' VADE MECUM.

(*For the Centre Weeks of July.*)

*Question.* Do you prefer Bisley to Wimbledon?

*Answer.* Officially, yes; as a civilian, no.

*Q.* Why do you make the distinction?

*A.* Because I go to Bisley in a double capacity.

*Q.* Why do you prefer Bisley to Wimbledon officially?

*A.* Because there are no distractions, and the ranges are less subject to atmospheric interruption.

*Q.* Why do you prefer Wimbledon to Bisley as a civilian?

*A.* Because Wimbledon was an extremely cheery place, where you could entertain your friends to your heart's content, and have a generally good time of it.

*Q.* Can you not obtain the same advantages at Bisley?

*A.* Certainly not. You are in the neighbourhood of Woking Cemetery, and that melancholy spot influences its surroundings.

*Q.* But were you not always regretting the attractions of Wimbledon when you were in Surrey?

*A.* Certainly, because they lured me from work.

*Q.* Do you still regret them?

*A.* More than ever, because they were certainly pleasanter than the attractions of Bisley.

*Q.* And now, in conclusion, what do you think of this year's shooting?

*A.* The same as former years.

*Q.* What do you mean by that?

*A.* That those who win owe their good shots to flukes, and those who fail have to thank their rifles, and the state of the weather.

"SO LIKE THEM!"—Of all the numerous "memorials" of the Royal Wedding, Count WALERY's "Wedding Number of Photographic Portraits" takes the wedding cake. It is priced at three shillings and sixpence, and for this you get one English sovereign and "royalties." If this isn't good value for money we don't know what is.

THE SKIRT-DANCER, OR UNLIMITED LOIE-ABILITY.—When a theatre is doing "good business," and is crammed in every part, placards are exhibited, announcing "Pit Full, Stalls Full, Boxes Full," &c., &c. But at the Gaiety just now, where Miss LOIE FULLER is appearing, the management might simply put up outside the simple statement of fact—"FULLER EVERY EVENING!"

THE ECLIPSE RIDDLE.—Why didn't *La Flèche* win the Eclipse Stakes?—Because she wanted to keep out of *Orme's* way.

**THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.**

*Sir Pompey (so much in earnest that he forgets his Grammar).* "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS THIS, THAT WHAT I GIVE IN CHARITY IS NOTHING TO NOBODY!"

## MRS. NICKLEBY IN THE CHAIR.

*A Song of Sympathetic Suggestion.*

["Poor Mrs. NICKLEBY, who had at no time been remarkable for the possession of a very clear understanding, had been reduced by the late changes in affairs to a most complicated state of perplexity. . . .

"'I don't know what to think, one way or other, my dear,' said Mrs. NICKLEBY; 'NICHOLAS is so violent, and your uncle has so much composure, that I can only hear what he says, and not what NICHOLAS does. Never mind—don't let us talk any more about it.' . . .

"Now Mrs. NICKLEBY was not the sort of person to be told anything in a hurry, or rather to comprehend anything of peculiar delicacy or importance on a short notice. . . .

"'Anybody who had come in upon us suddenly would have supposed that I was confusing and distracting, instead of making things plainer; upon my word they would.' . . .

"'I am very sorry indeed,' said Mrs. NICKLEBY. 'I am very sorry indeed for all this. I really don't know what would be the best to do, and that's the truth; . . . but if it could be settled in any friendly manner—and some fair arrangement was come to, so that we undertook to have fish twice a week, and a pudding once, or a dumpling, or something of that sort, I do think it might be very satisfactory and pleasant for all parties.'

"This compromise, which was proposed with abundance of tears and sighs, not exactly meeting the point at issue, nobody took any notice of it."

*Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby."*]

AIR—"*Nickledy Nod.*"

OH! where are we next to be carried,
My own dear NICKLEBY NOD?
We're worried, and hurried, and harried!
In pickle has *no one* a rod?
Obstruction's becoming a bore;
We're victims of boor, clown, and cad.
It seems of our "noble six hundred"
A solid majority's mad!

DICKENS was surely prophetic,
My own dear NICKLEBY NOD!
The plight of yourself is pathetic,
The state of the House appears odd.
*Can't* we live quiet and decent?
The shindy makes common sense sad:
It seems from occurrences recent
The mass of the House *must* be mad!

Whom should we ask to protect us,
My own dear NICKLEBY NOD?
A rowdy rot seems to infect us
And Nemesis looks leaden-shod.
Shouldn't we look to the Chair
To save us from garrulous fad,
When row-de-dow fills all the air,
And the bulk of the House is gone mad?

Cynics may find it amusing,
My own dear NICKLEBY NOD,
This venomous mutual abusing.
Thersites seems ranked as a god.
Billingsgate sways our big swells,
Talent plays Brummagem Cad.
'Tis worse than Sarcasm of Sadler's Wells.
You're mild—and your House is mad!

More is to come in the Autumn,
My own poor NICKLEBY NOD!
We trust by that time you'll have taught 'em
Some decency—e'en by the rod.
"Not say any more about it?"
*That* will scarce answer, my lad!
Patience *may* soothe, but I doubt it
Much—when the culprits are mad!

"Settled in some friendly manner?"
My own poor NICKLEBY NOD,
CHAMBERLAIN, SEXTON, and TANNER
(Say) as "fair friends" would look odd.
GLADSTONE, and BALFOUR, and SAUNDERSON,
*Might* keep the peace, and be glad;
But while malignity maunders on
NICKLEBY policy's—mad!

"Some fair arrangement?"—*with RUSSELL?*
My own poor NICKLEBY NOD,
Hark how they howl, shriek, and hustle!
Nay; you must whip out the rod.
Wish you had brought it forth sooner.
NICKLEBY *rôle*, my dear lad,
Of mild, muddled, well-meaning mooner,
Won't work—with a House gone *mad!*

---

NEWS FROM UGANDA.—"A conference," so the *Times* special lately wrote, "took place between Bishop TUCKER and Monseigneur HIRTH," with a view to amicably arranging their respective missions. Monseigneur HIRTH wished to sing the old nigger melody of "*Out ob de way ole Dan Tucker.*" Imperial Commissioner objected. Bishop TUCKER, lineal descendant of the celebrated little *Thomas* who "cried for his supper," wanted to have all the black and white bread to himself according to the ancient nursery tradition of the TUCKER family. Commissioner, quite a GALLIO in his way, wouldn't hear of it. Ultimately the two ecclesiastical antagonists came to terms, the Commissioner (Our Own) wisely observing that "as the object of both missions was a spiritual one, there ought to be no Hirthly ground for disagreement."

MRS. NICKLEBY IN THE CHAIR.

## LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

### THE FIRST COOK!

Oh! the first Cook, in that ambrosial, unwithering
Halcyon, rapturous, and honeymooning prime!—
She, who, aware of HELEN's babyish and blithering
Innocence, did a lot of mischief in her time.

Oh! for her soup, a weird, insuperable fearfulness,
Compound of arrowroot, and gelatine, and lard;
Hard, to reject it, when a bride besought, with tearfulness,
Hard, to accept, and to assimilate it, hard!

Oh! for her leather-like, her nauseating omelette,
Oh! for her cutlets and potatoes black as ink!
Oft, of necessity, would I the Buttons, TOMMY, let
Batten on luxuries that bothered him, I think.

And she would mingle, would that woman who did *that* to me,
Proofs incontestable with everything I ate,
Whereby the veriest beginner of anatomy
Knew that she must be in complexion a *brunette*.

Wild were her sauces, like herself, devoid of reasoning;
Still I have never been indubitably clear,
*Why* the invariable factor in her seasoning
Always reminded me so forcibly of Beer.

Why, when my darling sighed, "The weekly books are ready, TED,"
And I rejoined that *we* were thin while *they* were fat,—
Why, their increasing superfluities were credited
All to a manifestly unoffending cat.

Why, when a joint of whatsoever solid vastiness
Quitted the dining-room, it never came again;
Why my allusions to her culinary nastiness
Only encouraged her, it beats me to explain.

True, for our wages, which where somewhere near the "Twenty-ones,"
Great expectations would have been a trifle rash.
Still, as her perquisites, I know, were cent.-per-cent.-y ones,
Ah! how I wish a *Chef* had fed us for the cash!

Oh! my first Cook! A gem with so much rare and rich in her,
Irreconcileable, impenetrable soul,
How I exulted when she fell against the kitchener,
Urged by a Nemesis (and legs) beyond control.

How, when my fluttered pet, believing her immaculate,
Hied to her aid, and heard, "*You ain't a Lady, Mum!*"
How I was forced to rather brutally ejaculate,
"Rum! Very rum!—you see the cause of it is '*rum*.'"

Oh! that first year of married paradise! My attitude
Somehow, my sweet, on this our second Wedding-day,
Needs must be one of unadulterated gratitude,
Since we survive the Cook, you wept to send away!

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"HAS LEFT BUT THE NAME."—The intention of the original starters of the Aquarium was presumably to exhibit fish of all sorts, all alive oh! and quite at home. Nowadays, nothing about fish can be found in the advertisements. The fish are, it may be supposed, "taken for granted." They are conspicuous by their absence; but instead you read how "a human being dives," how somebody conjures, how there are "miraculous feats," and "four-legged dancers," and "baby elephants" waltzing and drum-playing; how somebody of some importance "walks upside down in mid-air;" how there are "serpentine" dancers, "pantomimists," "duettists," and, finally, the "boxing kangaroo," so that altogether the Aquarium may still congratulate itself on a show of about the "queerest, oddest fish" in the world.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

["At the World's Fair, in Chicago, the other day, the Rev. JOHN JAMESON, of Virginia, smashed a stand containing an exhibit of Irish Whiskey."]

WHAT's this? Am I dreaming? I fancy I am:
But no—it is printed without any flam.
"The Reverend gentleman stood by the stand,
With a hickory cudgel upraised in his hand.
Then, with fury and fire in his clerical eye,
This temperate priest on the bottles let fly."
Oh, the waste of good liquor; to think there should be
A man who with whiskey would dare to make free;
And to think—which but adds to the sin and the shame—
That the spoiler of whiskey should own such a name.
One might sooner expect that some learned Q. C.
Should abjure what he lives by, and welcomes—a fee;
That a judge should break laws, or a gaoler break chains,
Or a "guinea-pig" turn in disgust from his gains;
That a bookie should preach, or a bishop should bet,
That a slave of the Season should break etiquette;
A landlord proclaim his dislike of his rent,
Sleek MOSES protest against eighty per cent;
That a priest should cast doubts on a stole or a cope,
Or PEARS hint a fault in the worth of his soap.
Such sights would be strange, but they cannot compare
With the sight that was seen t'other day at the Fair,
When JOHN JAMESON smashed (or the newspapers fib it)
With his hickory cudgel a whiskey-exhibit.

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## THE LATEST PARISIAN "ROMANCE."

(*Translated from the original French Canard.*)

THEY were hunting him down. They had traced him from spot to spot. Now he was in the barracks bribing the Army, now in the Ministerial Bureau offering gold to the Members of the Government, now in the office of the leading newspaper arranging for back pages in advertisements at double the scale price. His pernicious influence was felt everywhere. The whole body was permeated with a poisonous atmosphere of corruption.

"We shall have him now," said the first detective, as he looked to the lock of his revolver.

"No doubt about it," returned the other, as he loosed his sword in its scabbard. "He cannot escape us."

Then the force of cavalry, infantry and artillery in attendance raised a stealthy cheer. It had been difficult to bring the charges home to the accused, but they had succeeded. It seemed impossible to prove his identity, but now they had surrounded him. It was only a question of a few minutes, and he would be their prisoner.

The detectives entered the *café*. They looked around them. They could see no one answering to his description. All who were there had black beards, black shaggy hair. They could see no red tresses, no yellow Dundreary whiskers and prominent front teeth. Where could he be?

"Yes, there is one diner who has ordered a singular meal," replied a *garçon*, in reply to a question. "He has asked for turtle-soup, raw herrings, raw beef, raw mutton chops, plum-pudding and a barrel of porter-beer."

"It must be he," cried the detectives, in a breath; "only an Englishman would want such a meal."

"And he asked for the *Times* and *Punch*," added the waiter.

"Proof conclusive of nationality;" and in a moment the man was surrounded and seized.

"You dare not touch me," he shouted, battling with his captors. "I am sacred, and if you offer violence you pledge your country to a terrible war!"

Impressed by the stranger's vehemence, the detectives released him. Once free, he threw off his black wig, took off his false nose, and put on his blue spectacles. Then he gazed around him proudly.

"We ask your pardon, M. l'Ambassadeur," said the police.

"It is granted," returned their now-released prisoner, and he entered his carriage. "I would have preferred to preserve my *incognito*, but your interference has compelled me to reveal my identity. And now, home."

And the coachman drove the Ambassador to a grand mansion in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré.

SEQUEL (*from the original English*).

And when the Ambassador read the above, he came back to his native land, and observed, "I think I have had enough of this."

And everyone at home agreed with him.

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BY OUR OUT-AND-OUT-EVERY-EVENING MAN.—*Mem.* The only endurable "Squash" in this hot weather is "Lemon Squash."

## QUEER ENGLISH.

WE are delighted—everyone is delighted, and that is much the same thing—to know that Mrs. BANCROFT is by this time on the high road to recovery from the effects of what might have been a serious accident. The "inimitable" was in a Hansom, when the horse suddenly fell. Had Mrs. BANCROFT been only what is professionally known as "A Walking Lady," this could not have happened. The *Daily Telegraph's* account of it informed us that "Mr. BLAKELEY, now of the Criterion Theatre, and once a member of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT's own company, who was happily passing immediately after the occurrence, was the means of having the lady taken to her private residence." Mr. BLAKELEY is always "happy" in any part he undertakes, *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, and no doubt he was "happily passing," perhaps gaily whistling, lightly stepping, merrily twirling a stick, and walking along "thinking of nothing at all," when he became aware of the danger to the popular ex-manageress, which at once changed his note from a tenner to an alto: in fact alto-gether altered it. [The above comment would have been impossible had the reporter stated that, "Happily for Mrs. BANCROFT, Mr. BLAKELEY, &c., &c., was passing at the moment, and, &c., &c."]

"BEN TROVATO!"—Yes, found at last; this Ben is Mr. BEN DAVIES, who sang five songs before the QUEEN, that is—to avoid all appearance of rudeness—in Her Gracious Majesty's presence, one day last week. He is now "Big Ben Trovato-re" in chief, and long may he remain so.

A PROPER NAME.—That peculiar but not uncommon ornithological species known as "Gaol-birds" ought to be kept in a *Knave-iary*.

## TOO CONSCIENTIOUS BY HALF.

"IS THAT ENOUGH, SIR?"
"YES; THAT 'LL DO VERY WELL. AND NOW SHAVE ME, PLEASE."
"I OUGHT TO MENTION THAT SHAVING IS THREEPENCE EXTRA, SIR. DO YOU REALLY THINK IT 'S WORTH WHILE?"

## FROM PROFESSOR MUDDLE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your poet (in this week's issue) reminds me of my own unfortunate experience. Ever since I read that inspired work, *Alice in Blunderland*, I do not seem to be able to give a correct version of any of the poems I have long been accustomed to repeat or sing. After dinner the other night I was asked to sing, and gave a well-known song as follows:—

Think of me only with thy nose,
No words need then be said:
Or kiss me sweetly with thine ears,
No lips are half so red.
The thirst that in my body burns
Demands both food and wine,
So when I next shall call on thee
You 'll know I 've come to dine.
Thou sent'st me late a rose-bud fair,
Not so much honouring me
As hoping near my heart I 'd wear
It all for love of thee,
But I returned it through the post—
Forgive me, if you can—
Since when I trow thou hast found out
I 'm not a marrying man.

DE TROP.—The last item of the *menu*, as given in the *World*, of the Royal Wedding Breakfast, after the sweets, was named in plain English,—all the previous dishes being given in French,—"cold roast fowls." But how on earth after four courses and sweets, finishing with "*Pâtisserie assortie*," could anyone have the conscience—we put it in this way—to ask for and to eat any portion of "cold roast fowls"?

"THIS IS A GOAK."—The *Weekly Register*, recording the event of a Baronetcy being conferred on the present LORD MAYOR, remarks, "With him we know the honour will be no *barren* one." Very good, *W. R.* The italics are ours, just to emphasize the pun.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

### EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, July* 10.—Glad the sitting 's over; often get a little mixed here; never so magnificently as to-night. Reached 9th Clause Home-Rule Bill, which settles question of Irish Representation in Imperial Parliament. When Mr. G. brought in his Bill in 1886, he proposed to exclude Irish Members. Remember very well the cheer that filled the Chamber when that announcement made on introduction of Bill. Those were, as PAT O'BRIEN used to say, "the days of all-night sittings." Irish Members stood in bitter implacable attitude of obstruction. At prospect of clearing them out, giving Great Britain some peace in its own Parliament, the hearts of Members leaped for joy. Seemed at moment as if this bribe would be enough to carry the Bill.

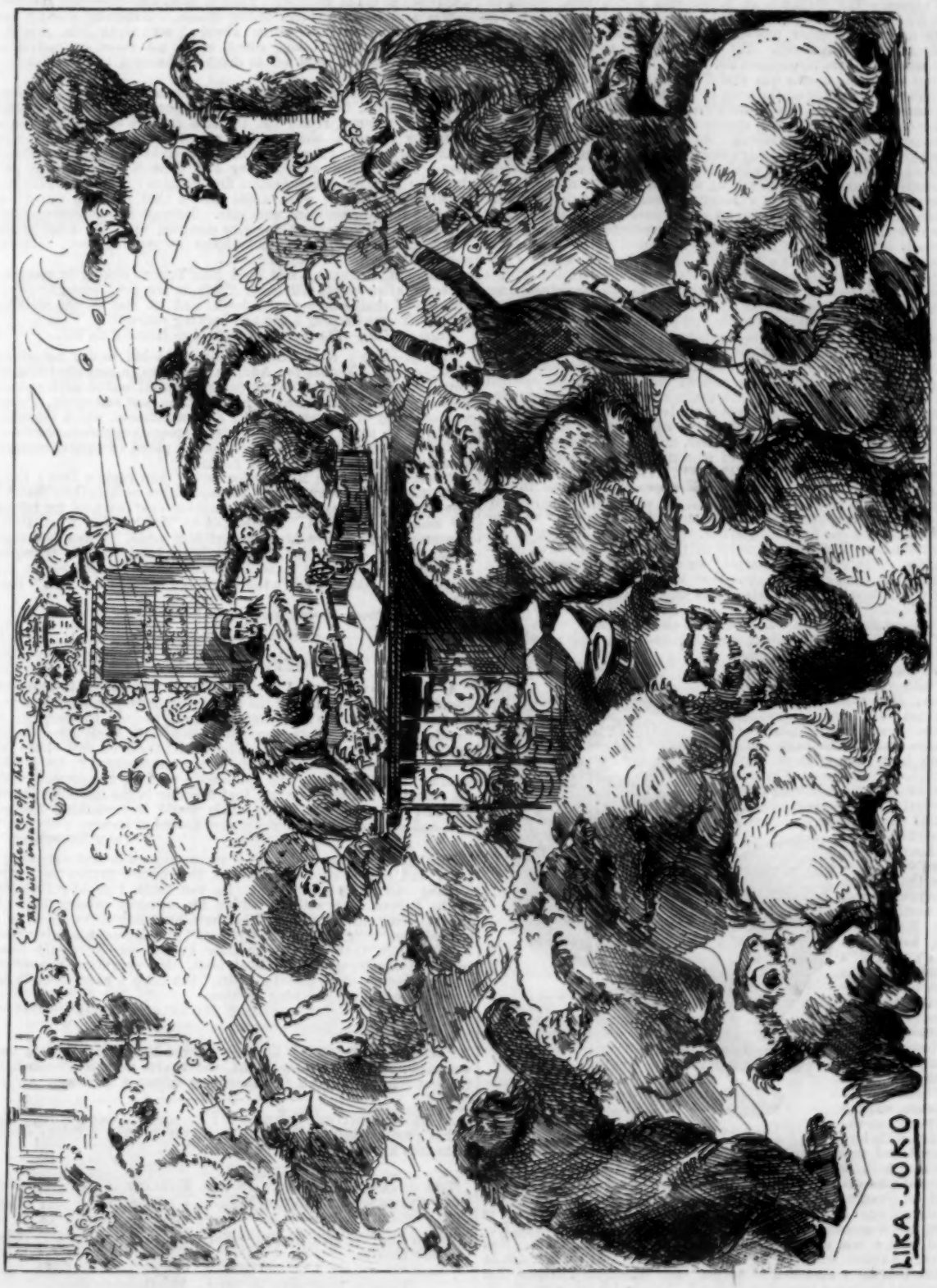
Then came time for reflection; chance of reviewing opportunities. JOSEPH's rapid insight perceived in this arrangement a stab at the Union. In phrase which SQUIRE OF MALWOOD to-night obligingly recalled he had written, "The key of the position is the maintenance of the full representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament."

Mr. G., profiting by experience, proposes in present Bill to maintain Irish representation in slightly modified number. That would seem to cut ground from under JOSEPH's clinging feet. What he passionately, persistently demanded in 1886, is conceded in 1893. If he cannot abear other provisions of the Bill, he must surely defend the one that retains Irish Members at Westminster. Must he, indeed? Those who think so, know not JOSEPH. For some men the fence might seem a hopelessly stiff one. JOSEPH takes it as an ordinary item in the day's work. No apology; no retraction; no explanation. Black was black in 1886. He, at risk of severing long friendships, said so, and was right. In 1893 black is white. He, anxious only for the prevalence of truth, says so, and is right again.

This would have been pretty picture for a July night; but anyone could have drawn it. In House of Commons it 's as common as pastels on the pavement. JOSEPH went the step further that marks the wide gulf between genius and mediocrity. Having declared that in 1893 he, impelled by irresistible conscience and unfathomable love for his country, would vote against what in 1886 he (subject to same influence) described as the key of the position, JOEY C. turned upon his right hon. friends on the Treasury Bench, and with manly emotion that brought tears to the eyes of the Member for Sark, deplored their inconsistency.

"What I like about JOSEPH," said the Member for Sark, "is his thoroughness. On finding himself in this new pit, he might have stopped at the bottom and said nothing till the storm had blown over. Or, thinking that a mean evasion, he might have defended the course he has adopted. Those are the alternatives presented to ordinary mankind: only to JOSEPH comes the idea of standing up and indignantly belabouring Mr. G. and JOHN MORLEY for indulgence in the unpardonable sin of inconsistency!"

*Business done.*—PRINCE ARTHUR, JOSEPH, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, and JOHN REDMOND, unite their forces against Government. Mr. G. saved by skin of the teeth and majority of 14.




A PARLIAMENTARY BEAR-GARDEN.

*Tuesday.*—TIM HEALY is an honest man and a loyal colleague. But we are all weak on some point. Temptation irresistible to TIM is to appropriate other people's rows. To-night's row distinctly and exclusively SEXTON'S. Yet TIM promptly came to the front, and remained there throughout the storm. The one clear impression amidst confusing uproar was that TIM was bobbing on top of the turbulence like a cork on the apex of a water-spout.

BRODRICK began it, and while storm raged sat silent, astonished at his own moderation. Had merely remarked that the Irish people were impecunious and garrulous. As an Irishman himself ought to know something on point. SAUNDERSON, another member of a gifted race, explained that, on the whole, he was inclined to regard remark as complimentary. SEXTON, taking a different view, retorted with observation that BRODRICK'S language was grossly impertinent. Chairman, appealed to on point of order, gave a nice ruling. It is now established among Parliamentary precedents that the phrase "grossly impertinent," if addressed to an individual, is rank blasphemy; when applied to a thing 'tis but a choleric word. Committee might usefully have applied itself to consideration of this delicate distinction. "Instead of which," as the magistrate once said, it went about roaring like a famished lion.

For some minutes everyone seemed on his legs. CARMARTHEN had advantage over most Members by reason of his more than six feet length; GRANDOLPH, feeling old emotions stirred within him, took prominent part in the fray; Mr. G., leaning across the table, fixed his glowing eyes on GRANDOLPH, and warned him that his conduct was not calculated to assist the Committee in its dilemma; the voice of T. W. RUSSELL was heard in the land; PRINCE ARTHUR had much to say; Dr. TANNER broke long silence with a shout; even JUSTIN MCCARTHY was seen on his feet, and was howled at as if he had been discovered in the act of stealing the Chairman's pocket-handkerchief. But TIM topped them all. They were intermittent; he continuous. Whenever there was approach to pause in the clamour, TIM'S strident voice filled it up with genial observation. "Name! Name!" they roared at him. "Drag him out," was the advice given by one forlorn legislator. In delirious delight of the rapturous hour TIM took no notice of these objurgations and interruptions. "It's not your funeral," an envious countryman snarled in his ear. Certainly not; but that should make no difference. TIM would improve the opportunity to whomsoever it might belong; and he did.

*Business done.*—None. But we had a cheerful row.

*Thursday.*—Some excellent speaking to-night, and a walking-match, in which, lap after lap, Government won. WALLACE led off with speech sparkling with point; the more effective by contrast with stolid manner. House crowded and applausive; always grateful to have something fresh; get it from WALLACE, both in manner and matter. PRINCE ARTHUR, following later, unusually bitter; pegged away at Bill and Government for half an hour, and sat down with assertion that such a Government was not worth attacking. Mr. G., who had listened to WALLACE'S home-thrusts with face appreciative of their humour, was unaccountably disturbed by PRINCE ARTHUR'S commentaries. He sat immediately opposite, waiting to spring; meanwhile, with legs crossed and arms tightly folded, literally holding himself in. On his feet with catapultic force when PRINCE ARTHUR, gracefully gathering his skirts, sat down. A Government not worthy of attack. Ho! A Government that had failed to adhere to the main principles of its policy. Ha! But there was another Government which, in 1886, had denounced as dishonest a revision of judicial rents in Ireland, and a few months later had passed Bill revising them. Had PRINCE ARTHUR belonged to that Government? If so, how did he uplift this lofty standard of action, than which no Pharisee that ever lived in Judea carried it higher? This and much more Mr. G. declaimed at top of voice, with flashing eyes, and exuberant gestures, cheers and counter cheers filling House. Naturally JOSEPH followed with some kind words about "my right hon. friend." SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, long silent, could not resist temptation to plunge in. House went off to dinner exhausted by the tornado of bitter, brilliant speech.

"Waiting to Spring."

Dull enough after dinner, when walking-match began. Performance announced for ten o'clock; began punctually; MELLOR acted as starter. Course, round the Division Lobbies and back to seats. Time, by Benson's chronometer, varied from 16 mins. 25 secs. to 18 mins 3 secs. Programme included eighteen races; numbered Clause 9 to 26 inclusive; betting 5 to 1 on Government to pull through; some uncertainty round first division; talk about plungers in Ministerial team; when made known that majority was 27, it was seen that Government were safe. Interest in subsequent races fell away as Government majority mounted up. For some of the events the Opposition did not appear at starting-post; Government walked over.

"Demmit, DOUGLAS," said Lord NOM TODDY, coming in mopping his brow, after eighth Division, "this is not good enough. Next Thursday I shall send my man down, and let him do the walking round. No use keeping a dog and barking yourself."

*Business done.*—Clauses 9 to 26 added to Home-Rule Bill.

*Friday.*—DON'T KEIR HARDIE made bold bid to-day for cheap advertisement. Motion for Address to QUEEN in congratulation on Royal Marriage. DON'T KEIR tacked himself on to performance with attempted Amendment on behalf of the poor and needy. Found no probability of anyone seconding his Amendment, which therefore could not be put. Still, served his purpose; suggested visions of portrait of Benefactor of the People (penny plain, twopence coloured) hung in all the cottage homes of England.

"Curious," says the Member for Sark, "how rapidly DON'T KEIR HARDIE has played himself out; perhaps rather notable than curious. House of Commons is the quickest machine ever invented for taking the measure of a man. Has looked at Member for West Ham, measured him, weighed him, and set him aside. When, less than a year ago, he came down, with his brass band and his trumpets tootling, he was DON'T KEIR HARDIE. Now, if I may say so, the boot's on the other leg; it's the House of Commons that Don't Keir for Hardie."

*Business Done.*—More about Home-Rule Scheme.

## QUEER QUERIES.

A MUNICIPAL HALL.—I see the County Council are thinking of spending nearly a million of the ratepayers' money in buying a site for a municipal palace in Parliament Street, because the members—pending the time when they are all elected to the Legislature—want to be as close to it as possible. Why not let them be still closer, in Westminster Hall itself, which is now untenanted? Or if the members don't like that, why not make a working arrangement with the House of Commons to use that chamber in the mornings before the M.P.'s come down to it? This would be something like an "in-and-out" clause, and would save no end of money.

TRUE ECONOMIST.

REWARDS TO RACONTEURS.—I am considered a first-rate story-teller and conversationalist; indeed, few dinner parties (at Lower Tooting) can get on without me. Do you think I could get elected to the Reform Club without paying the entrance subscription? I see that some members of that club have been left £2000 each as a reward for "brightening the evenings" of a deceased member, and I feel certain that had the testator known *me*, he would have increased my legacy to £4000 at least. My sparkling powers of conversation are often called a "gift," but I don't want them to be a gift if I could get anything for them.

SYDNEY MACAULAY HAYWARD SMITH.

PRESENT! FIRE! BANG-KOK!—"Three Frenchmen killed, two wounded; twenty Siamese killed, and twelve wounded,"—such is the first result of French *Humann*-ising influence in Siam.

A NEW MARITIME RESORT.—"I'm sure," observed Mrs. R., "that a really pleasant thing to do in the summer holidays would be to take a trip to the Specific Islands."

THE GREATEST AUTHORITY ON THE WORKING OF THE "IN-AND-OUT" CLAUSES.—Mr. SEXTON, M.P.!

GOING AGAINST THE GREIN.—Refusing to patronise the Independent Theatre.

FRENCH BILLIARDS AT SIAM.—The Cannon Game.

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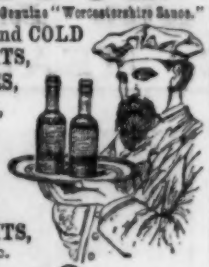

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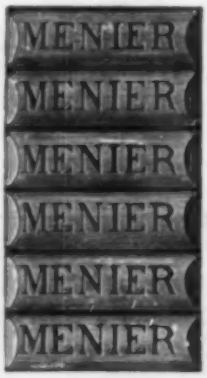


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THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who dates from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Screw," says: "I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS for a scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, as I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathies of a hardened and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting-box for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances, but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I can, however, do a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., 'PLAYER'S NAVY CUT' (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."

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